

JANUARY 1956

Maryknoll

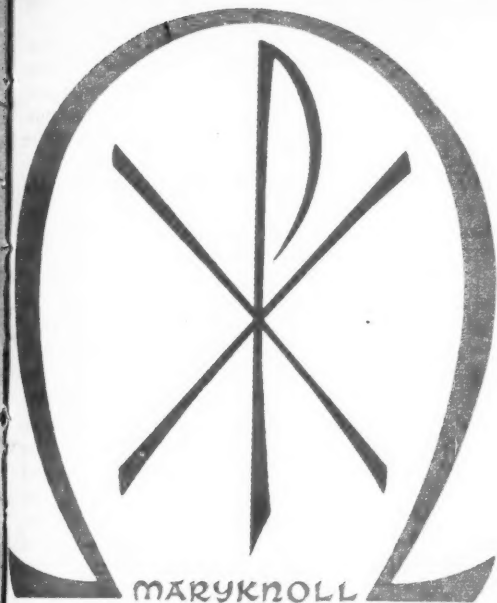


WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE IN RED CHINA—p. 20



YOUR CHINESE BOY-FRIEND — Wong says "Happy New Year!" with firecrackers. "Happy New Year!" you reply, adding a prayer for Wong and his people, a fifth of the human race, slaves of the Red atheists.

BY JOHN J.
CONSIDINE, M.M.



THE LAST OF THE FOUNDERS

Mother Mary Joseph's death marks the end of a pioneer era.

■ ONE DAY in December 1906 a biology instructress at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., climbed up the rickety stairs to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith office on Union Park Street opposite the Boston Cathedral and called on the Diocesan Director.

Out at Smith, Protestants predominated and this young Catholic teacher was impressed by their interest in foreign missions. She felt,

she explained, that she should organize a mission group among the Catholic students. Father James Anthony Walsh, the Director, glowed with satisfaction at her enterprise. She in turn, Mary Josephine Rogers of Boston, at that time 24 years old, was captivated by the wide and vivid horizon which Father Walsh opened before her in their brief conversation. In frank, down-to-earth fashion that reached be-

yond the mere emotional, this dedicated priest with his compelling personality, his delightful humor, his infectious enthusiasm impressed profoundly the young lady from Smith.

"I, who had gone into him as a stranger that day," she explained years later, "left him, as hundreds of others have left him, with a warming sense of kinship and a quickened consciousness of a joyful obligation to others, the fulfillment of which would have real value for me only if motivated by a love of souls in Christ."

Thus in the Propagation of the Faith office that December day in 1906 Mary Josephine Rogers' missionary vocation was born.

During the next six years Miss Rogers gave the great bulk of her free time to aiding the Propagation of the Faith Director. He founded a monthly mission magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*, the first of its type in the United States, and Miss Rogers gave him editorial assistance. Her very first assignment was to take home an album of mission photographs that Father Walsh possessed and prepare them for use in *THE FIELD AFAR*. She soaked them off of the album pages in the family bathtub, pressed them between books and brought them back ready for service.

Miss Rogers and others who gave Father Walsh leisure-time for his program, received in turn from him a spirit of enthusiasm that made them into zealous apostles. "Hardly a week passed during these six

years," explained Miss Rogers, "that Father Walsh did not send me some report, some human interest story, some news item about foreign missions. He built the mission cause into my being."

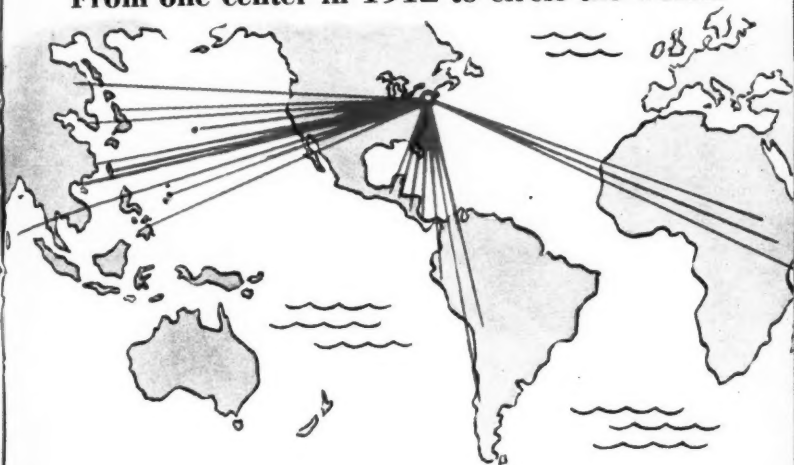
In 1911, Fathers Walsh and Price established the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, and set up temporary quarters at Hawthorne in the suburbs of New York City.

To Hawthorne in January 1912 was transferred the educational and promotional office for the mission society that Father Walsh had established in Boston, and, as well, several of the devoted secretaries whom Father Walsh had trained for this work. Miss Rogers could not free herself from her teaching commitments until the end of the school year but joined the group in September 1912 when the transfer from Hawthorne was made to the permanent Maryknoll on Sunset Hill outside Ossining.

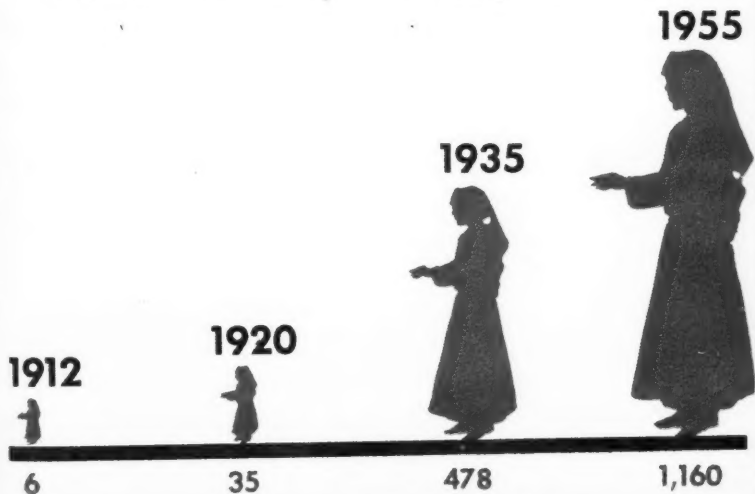
From the first it was agreed by all that Miss Rogers should head the group of lay apostles who assisted the infant society. To them in those pioneer days fell many strange tasks. The little seminary was hardly a reality when the community woke up one morning to find that the cook had departed without notice the evening before. Miss Rogers hurried over from St. Teresa's, a portion of which building was used as residence for the lay women, and prepared breakfast. Laborers of laundress, seamstress and other duties in the housekeeper's

How Mother Saw Her Sisters Grow

From one center in 1912 to circle the world.



From a small family to a widespread Society.





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domain were attacked with joy.

It is important to make clear, however, that Father Walsh brought together this group of women with a greater objective in mind than miscellaneous chores, important though these were in themselves. While still in Boston he had a well conceived plan for missionary education and Maryknoll promotion and his lay assistants were to play an essential role in this work. His first administration office occupied a large front room in the old cottage that he named St. Teresa's Lodge and here with infinite attention to detail he continued to build up this educational-promotion unit. Indeed, this unit was in order of time the first strongly established phase of the Maryknoll movement. The cook might walk out, farm activities might limp badly, but routines at St. Teresa's were never allowed to suffer. Here was the key to the building of the dream. And in its laborious construction, Father Walsh and his lay assistants labored almost alone. It was years before any priest of his staff could be spared from the seminary to give a substantial part of his day to this phase of the work.

How soon did the idea of a religious community present itself to this group of young women helpers? Rather early, though its realization was not achieved until eight years after they first foregathered at Maryknoll. Father Walsh gave to the group the name of Teresians after St. Teresa of Avila and in 1914 Cardinal Farley of New York secured their establishment as a pious society of women for foreign mis-

sions. In 1920 Cardinal Hayes formally erected the group, then numbering 39, into a religious congregation with the title of Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic. This title was changed by the Holy See when in December 1954 it declared the community directly subject to Rome, and hence of pontifical right, with the title of Maryknoll Sisters of St. Dominic.

At the first General Chapter convoked in 1925 Mary Josephine Rogers became Mother Mary Joseph, the first Mother General. She held this position for 22 years until her retirement in 1947.

A new orientation came into the community's work with its acquisition of canonical status. Previous to this step, the group was without definite hope of going on the missions. Now came a change. A year after the establishment of the religious community, in 1921, the first band of six left for China. With this flowering of the community as a full-fledged foreign mission sending society, the enrollment grew rapidly.

The 39 of 1920 had reached 1,160 at Mother's death in 1955, an average net increase of 32 members a year for the past thirty-five years. Today the Maryknoll Sisters staff 84 missions in the following countries: In Asia: Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Formosa, the Philippines, Ceylon. In Africa: Tanganyika, Mauritius. In the Pacific Islands: Hawaii, the Marshalls, the Carolines. In Latin America: Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Panama, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Yucatan. In the homeland U.S.A., Maryknoll Sisters have

missions among the Chinese, Japanese, Negroes and Mexicans.

And what of the original labor of love at the Home Knoll? Today 55 of the community are engaged in educational-promotional work, secretarial work and care of the kitchen and refectory for the Maryknoll Fathers.

With the canonical erection of the community, the task of Mother Mary Joseph changed substantially. Now a woman of 38, she found herself with far heavier duties than that of director of a team of lay apostles. She was called upon to take a long look backward into the glorious past of the Church and to study the stalwart women who have constituted the foundresses of religious communities down through the centuries. Further, she was impelled to take a long look forward. For now, she and her daughters in religion stood quite distinctly alone. True, they were still members of the much-loved Maryknoll family. But by the law of the Church and the Church's long tradition, a community of women cannot and must not be subordinate to a body of men. It must possess its own vital fabric, its own complete self-sufficiency, its own distinct religious spirit and its own spiritual and apostolic goals.

In achieving these objectives Mother Mary Joseph has, in the view of those who have watched, succeeded magnificently. And, while she has been blessed with a notable number of unusually able assistants, the achievement has been a distinctly personal one. God made of her a superior with much creative

vision, an inspiring leader, a loving and deeply loved mother.

She early showed understanding of the formation that must be given the modern American girl, who, touched with God's fire, steps forward in superb simplicity and, like the young Isaiahs of old says, "Lo, here am I, send me." She realized that in our present complex world, good will alone is not enough. Most candidates must be educated in one or other of the service professions, equipped with skills, trained to hardy adjustability to difficult living overseas.

With this in mind, very early in the community's life the Maryknoll Teacher Training School came into being and today, chiefly through this institution, the community already possesses over 250 school teachers, some with special university training for responsible posts. Similarly, a start was made early in medicine, nursing and allied careers. Today the community has 12 doctors of medicine, 1 dentist, 122 registered nurses, 9 laboratory technicians, 8 pharmacists and 7 dieticians.

Of later development has been the training of social service workers. Preparation has included careers in both religious and secular disciplines. For Mother Mary Joseph, the important factor was not the particular career chosen but the principle that every Sister so far as possible be equipped to make impact on souls through a career. This objective has resulted in giving to the rank and file of the community a strong hunger to be thoroughly prepared and a pride in being able

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The First Seven

■ These were the lay apostles who came from Massachusetts to assist Father Walsh, as they appeared in 1912. Six of them were to remain to begin the Maryknoll Sisters.

Seated: Mary Wholean, graduate of Wellesley College and a high school teacher from Westfield, Mass.; she became Sister Mary Xavier and died in 1917. Anna Towle, a seamstress from Portland, Me., who became Sister Anna Marie, died at Maryknoll in 1940. Mary Josephine Rogers, who became Mother Mary Joseph. Sara Sullivan, secretary to the Dean at Harvard Medical School, from Roxbury, became Sister Teresa and served in Korea.

Standing: Mary Dwyer, of South Boston; she did not remain. Nora Shea, of Lawrence, who was Father Walsh's secretary in Boston; she became Sister Theophane, died at Maryknoll in 1940. Margaret Shea (no relation to Nora), of Melrose, a student; she is now Sister M. Gemma in Japan.



Mother Mary Joseph (left) with Mother Mary Columba, present Sisters' head.

to work skillfully on God's behalf.

Mother thought deeply on the spiritual formation of her Sisters. Wise spiritual counsellors from the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Scranton were loaned to the young community. Sister Fidelia of the Sinsinawa Dominicans was novice mistress for five years. Feeling the great need for prayer for all the Sisters, Mother Mary Joseph during a visit to Rome investigated the project of a cloistered house of Maryknoll Sisters who would be perpetually dedicated to gaining graces for their confreres in the active life. Thus came into being the Maryknoll Cloister, a powerful magnet that lifts the entire spiritual level of the community by its ob-

vious message — "Without prayer you can do nothing."

A characteristic of the spiritual training of the Maryknoll Sister is the retaining of individuality of character. Archbishop Cushing of Boston in his radio eulogy on Mother Mary Joseph explained her part in developing this factor in her candidates. "Mother Mary Joseph more than any other individual aside from Bishop Walsh himself," stated his Excellency, "was responsible for the Maryknoll spirit, for those characteristics of warm friendliness, the meeting of obstacles gaily, and the development and preservation in the religious life of one's own individuality, supernaturalized and applied to the work at hand."

Mother was wont to describe this last-mentioned aim as follows: "We are reaching out for souls And for this we need all our individuality, all our generosity, all our graciousness and sweetness and simplicity, all our powers of gentle persuasiveness — in fact, all of the things which God has given us to use. That explains our spirit — an attempt to keep our individuality, casting out what is objectionable in it, finding what is good and beautiful in it and supernaturalizing all this that it may be used for God's honor and glory."

In her years of vigor she addressed her young candidates constantly on this and many similar needs of their apostolate and they were enthralled with her. "Her talks were always memorable," comments one of her daughters. "She left us each time with a nugget that we could take away with us. Sometimes it was a favorite Scripture text of Bishop Walsh, such as, 'For those who love God, all things work together unto good.' Or it might be one of her own favorites, such as, 'Grow so you can give,' or 'Where there is love there is no labor.' She often quoted a couplet from Lowell:

'As one lamp lights another nor grows less;

So nobleness endinleth nobleness.'"

Some of the younger Sisters knew Mother only in her last illness but their recollection of her hypnotic charm are equally strong. One young candidate speaks of her effect on the new arrivals: "You never saw her before but you know she loves

you the moment she looks at you."

Another young Sister's work was on a corridor along which Mother was brought each morning in her wheel chair. "She'd look at me and smile and say 'Good morning!' It gave me a wonderful thrill. If she didn't pass, the day wasn't the same."

Of such tiny threads are great memories woven. To the inspiring word, the smile, the thoughtful gesture, are to be added the patient bearing of the cross in the long agony of the end. "Mother did not know how to complain," said Sister Rose Assunta, one of the nurses who stood by her bed in the last days. "'It's just a numb pain, like a toothache,' she would say. But her sufferings must have been immense."

The end came to Mother Mary Joseph at 5:15 Sunday evening on October 9, 1955. Among her last writings is a paragraph that reads, "Today, in our beautiful Motherhouse, I sit in my sun-flooded room overlooking the lovely gardens fashioned with consummate skill by a Japanese gardener in the war years. On the hill-top above, I can see *Regina Coeli*, our Cloister. It is Vesper time and how pleasant it is to feel that you and I and all of us are remembered in the prayers that rise in praise of God in that holy house!"

The hour of Mother's death, 5:15 in the evening, was Vesper time. One would say that she chose to take her leave while her Cloister Sisters praised God and begged His strength and courage for all Maryknoll Sisters and all Maryknollers and all missionaries out over the earth.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Someone has said: "Do not praise a woman until you have seen her daughters." By that standard, Mother Mary Joseph was indeed great. Without her, thousands of American young women could not have followed their foreign mission vocation. Without her, there would still be the fear and timidity of sending American Sisters to faraway places, and women would be considered the weaker sex as far as foreign missions go. Without her, Maryknoll would not have advanced or grown as rapidly as has been the case. She was a fit instrument in the hands of God. By indirection she influenced Father Walsh whose faithful and loyal disciple she was at all times. She was God's gift, indeed, to him, to the Maryknoll Sisters, to the American Sisterhoods and to the Church in America.

She should receive credit for stimulating vocations to American Sisterhoods in general. She made the idea popular in America that American womanhood in habits can give any service required by the least of Christ's brethren. It was something revolutionary in the concept of Sisterhoods to see smiling faces of Sisters in photographs, proving that they keep their individuality and permit grace to build on nature.

The Church has made Little Therese, who stayed in the Cloister

in spite of a foreign-mission vocation, equal to St. Francis Xavier with the title, "Patroness of the Missions." It may be — time will prove — that Mother Mary Joseph is the equal of any American missionary who ever left our shores.

The essence of the missionary vocation is undoubtedly contained in the paradox in the Gospel: "He that loses his life for my sake shall find it." One of the very last things Mother did was something that brings out this very point. It was beautiful indeed in one who is the foundress and the ideal of others.

Just a few hours before she passed away, she was struggling to say something. The mechanical contrivance in her mouth to help her condition was interfering. She seemed most anxious to speak to the doctor. Finally, after some effort those around her were able to detect what she wanted to say and it was, "How are you, doctor?"

At the point of death, the one dying usually holds the center of the drama and is made to feel the center. But here we have Mother Mary Joseph carrying out consistently her outstanding trait — thoughtfulness of others. It is a beautiful picture and a beautiful ideal.



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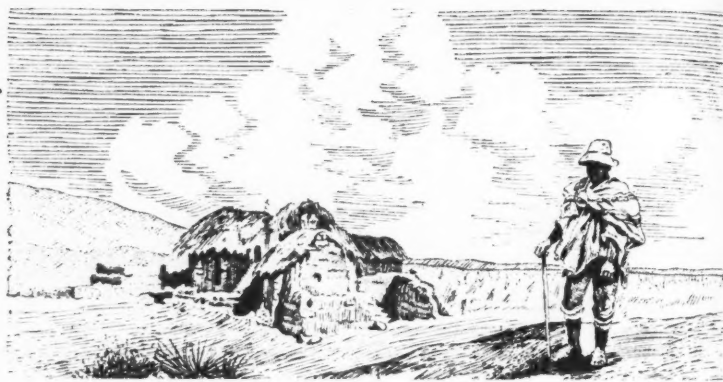
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THE LAST PICTURE

This portrait of Mother was taken by Sister M. Corde less than a week before Mother passed on.



Taita Roberto

Eyes wide open for good points
don't notice the bad.

BY JAMES F. McNIFF, M.M.

■ WISCONSIN RAPIDS can be proud of Father Robert J. Remitz, recently assigned to a 95% Indian parish in El Paso, Bolivia.

It didn't take Father Bob long to realize that the Indians are slowly starving themselves to death by the way they rob the soil of its rich vegetable content. The type of plow they use opens up furrows, but fails to turn the soil over, so that the

necessary bacteria, which the surface growth generates and which are an essential for rich soil, have been completely lacking over a period of years.

Father managed to get the aid of some friends who furnished him with a plow, that not only breaks the soil but also turns the sod under. The results of this improvement will not be evident for a year or two, of course; but once evident, the popularity of this plow will grow rapidly among the Indians.

Artificial fertilizer is another thing that Father is inducing the Indians to use for the benefit of their crops. First it was necessary to demonstrate by using fertilizer on parish land. When the Indians noted the increased production, they were all ready to follow the Padre's lead.

When they see that their Taita (Father) knows so much about the things that concern them so vitally, they are ready to heed his advice about their souls.

Most of the Indians speak no Spanish and Taita Roberto is only versed in that language at present. The pastor, however, with whom he labors in this mission, Father Gerald Ziegengeist of Plymouth, Mass., can talk to the Indians in their own language, Quechua. This tongue of the famous Incas brightens their stoic faces into knowing smiles, as he greets them and explains to them that working the land is only half of their task. They must live good lives, give up heavy drink, and fulfill their duties towards the *Taita-Dios* (God).

Some whites sneer at the Indian, treat him as a slave or beast of burden, even claim that the Indian should have been eliminated in South America the way he largely was in North America. The Indian has been a constant victim of this hostility and animosity, and has rightly resented the fact that he has been exploited by the white man over the centuries. Is it any wonder, then, that he is distrustful of any white man?

Yet Taita Roberto has only the best to say for his Indians. As I walked through the village streets with him, I noted the friendly way he greeted everyone. He would point out an individual now and again and remark what a fine fellow that was! All about us we could see evidence of vice and corruption, but Father Robert wasn't paying attention to those things. He would let me notice those for myself, but he didn't want me to miss a single one of the good points of his people as we made our rounds. I couldn't help but enjoy and find refreshing this healthy attitude — this Christ-like outlook — in the face of problems that had previously discouraged many a valiant man.

Is it any wonder that not only the children but also the adults flock around Taita Roberto wherever he goes and wait for a greeting from him? Though he can't talk to them well, just yet, they know that he is their friend and that they have found in him a true defender and champion of their people. ■ ■

INDY ANN'S GOOD DEED





Mama pounds cassava root at Nyegina Mission in this family portrait.





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Soon-to-be-Christians attend Father Pierce's morning class at Kowak.

The Bush People

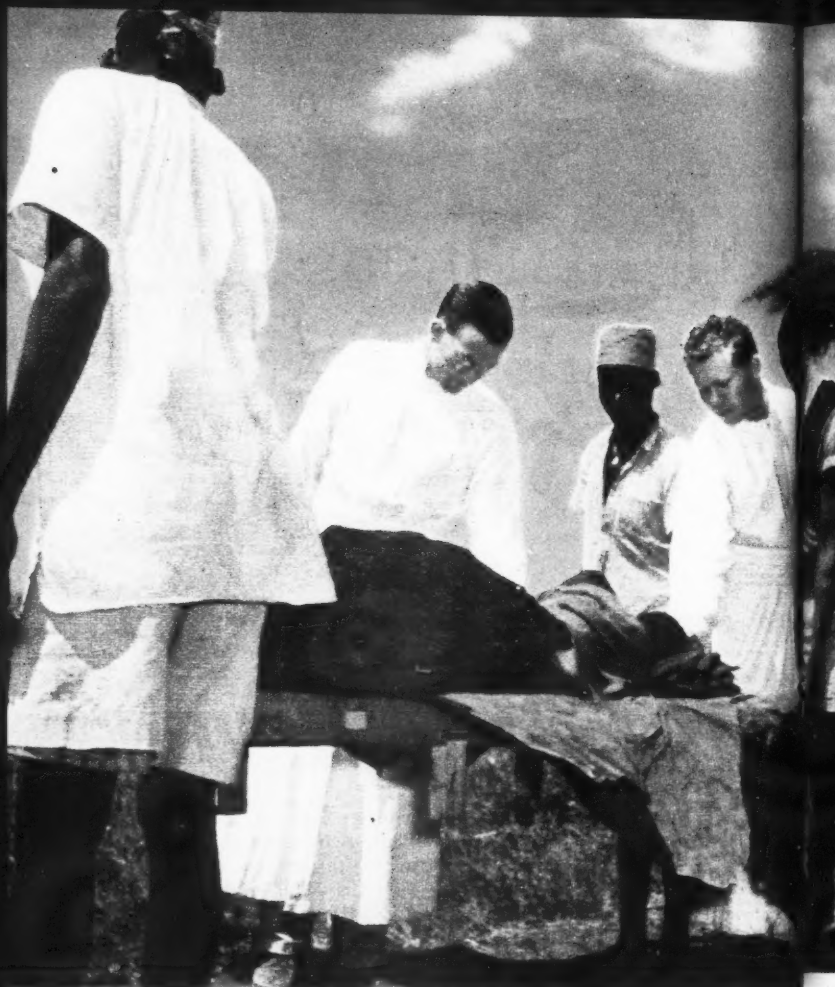
■ OF ALL Maryknoll's missions, the one in Musoma, Tanganyika, heads the list in number of conversions. Maryknoll has been in charge of Musoma for only half a decade, but the work has rapidly expanded even though the area is one of the most backward in Africa.

Musoma is a mission containing twelve different tribes with problems of language, transportation, and communications. When the ter-

ritory was taken over by Maryknoll, only two missions existed. Today eight stations are in operation, another is to be started shortly.

Maryknoll is also preparing to take over a new territory to the south, called Maswa-Shinyanga. This area has been more thoroughly developed, and the people belong to a single language group. The White Fathers pioneered this mission and did excellent convert work. ■ ■

A Color Picture Story From Maryknoll in East Africa.



■ Medical work is one of the foundation stones in building a successful mission. Because of this work, the pagan can see the charity of Christ in action. The corporal works of mercy become visible to him.

Thus he is led to inquire about the doctrine which makes such work possible. However, the Catholic missionary uses medical work as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself. ■ ■



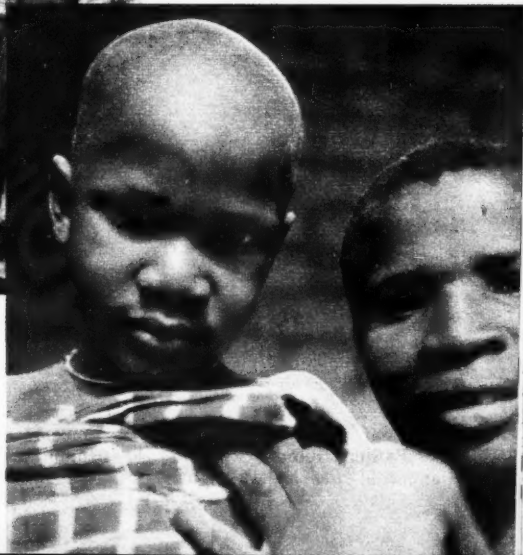
This smiling girl belongs to the Luo tribe among whom our Maryknollers have two posts.

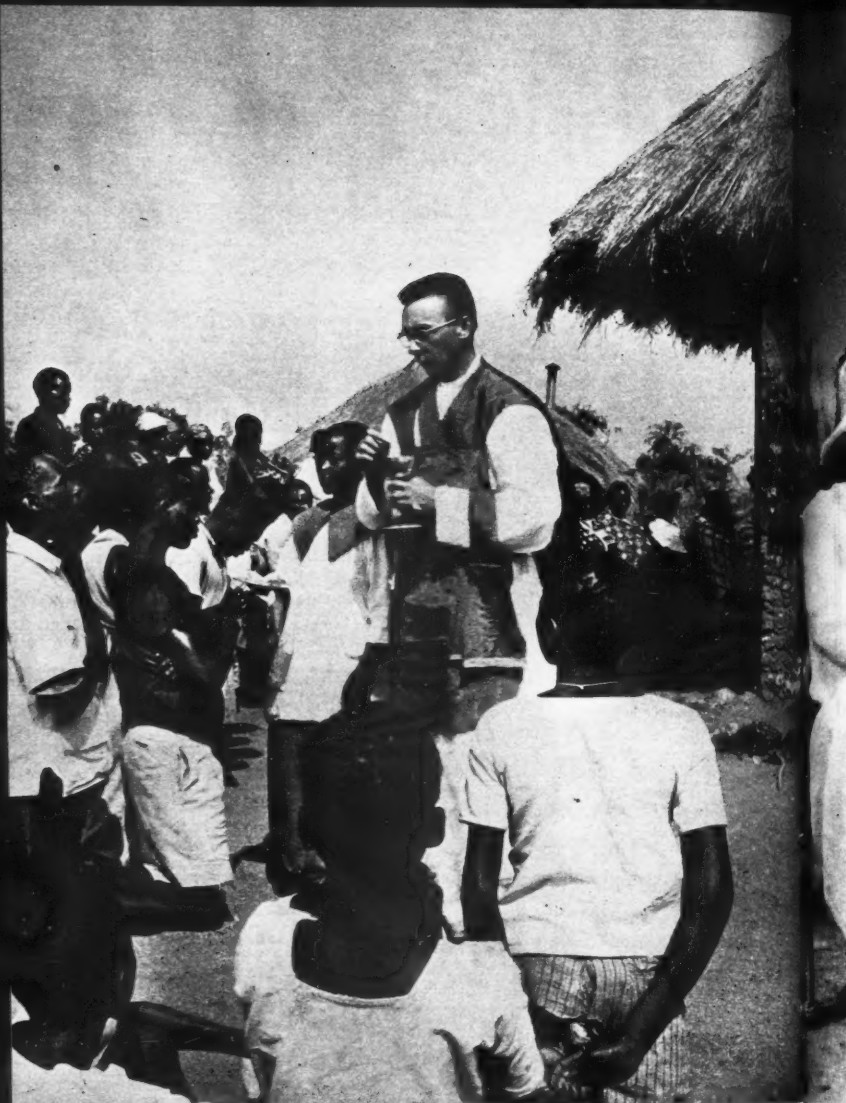


This thoughtful study of a Bakwaya mother and son was caught by Father Bordenet.

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At Rosana Mission Fathers Reinhart and James examine a sick youth who has just been brought in by some new Christians.





Toledo's Father Delbert Robinson has completed a new church among the Bangorimi people. Previously, Mass was celebrated in the open.



Brother Damien Walsh, of Wheeling, W. Va., has the knack for making young friends, as this portrait by Father Arthur H. Wille testifies.

"Reds have not changed policy, only tactics"

Bishop Frederick A. Donaghy, a native of New Bedford, Mass., was head of Maryknoll's Wuchow Diocese in China when he was expelled by the Communists. He lived under the Reds for five years and spent almost a half year in prison. After he was put out of China, he was interviewed by Father Mark Tennien, who formerly worked under him. Here is Father Tennien's authentic and valuable interview on life in China today.

Q *This is the story of Bishop Frederick A. Donaghy, who has just arrived in Hong Kong. The bishop has been telling us about the arrival of the Communists in his diocese, and how during the first year they gradually consolidated their position. The land reforms came towards the end of the first year, can you tell us something about them?*

A In the city proper, of course, there were no fields, but we had Catholics within walking distance, and these were subject to great torture. First of all, the landlord was taken into custody and many charges were preferred against him. All of his possessions — kitchen utensils, clothing, and bedding — were divided among the poor. Then the

landlord was subjected to so-called public trials. They were obliged to kneel on broken glass and sharp stones, and the people were urged to beat them. Many died as a result of treatment they received. One man who lived to tell about it came to see me. It had been three months since his trial, but he still had tremendous black welts on his arms, and both shin bones were complete scabs from the knee right down to the ankle. And this was three months since he had been strung up and beaten with bamboo rods.

Q *Were the land reforms a real benefit to the poor?*

A They seemed a real benefit. A poor person was given two or three



Fathers Arthur F. Dempsey and James F. Smith welcome the bishop to freedom.

acres, enough to keep his family in food. But the snake in the rice field was the taxation — much, much higher than previously.

Q *Has it been getting worse?*

A It has. The people were urged to sell their surplus rice to the Government. It sounded very well, because they would have cash plus the rice they needed for themselves. Then quotas were put on. When the officials went out to collect the rice, they demanded that people sell the rice held for their own needs. Thus a man-made famine began.

Q *Didn't the Government help the people?*

A The Government refused. I know of one man who made three appeals for a ration card. The fourth time he appealed before this local Government board and was refused, he said, "You had better give it to

me!" The officials attempted to dismiss him, but he drew a knife and stabbed the man who had refused permission. He threw his knife on the ground and made no attempt to escape. He was immediately arrested. When he was asked why he had attacked the official, he said: "I did it in the hope I will be killed. I am the headman in my house — ten people depend upon me for livelihood. I cannot sit by and watch them starve to death." Soldiers were immediately sent to search his house, and not a grain of rice was found. He was given five years at forced labor, and each member of his house was allowed three ounces of rice daily.

Q *Bishop Donaghy, would you give us the events leading up to your arrest? Did you expect to be taken?*

A Wuchow was "liberated" in

INTERVIEW

November 1949. In October 1950 the tightening up began. Arrests became frequent. It was a common sight to see soldiers leading people through the streets on the way to trial. By November I felt that the time of pressure on the Church was fast approaching. Then on December 18, I received a telegram that Father George Gilligan had been arrested. That very night a teacher came to me and said that the whole city was to be searched. He explained that not only would the police and soldiers take part in the search, but also all the school-teachers. So I made preparations.

Q *How did you look forward to your future possible arrest?*

A I had a feeling of uneasiness. Sister Rose Xavier, a Maryknoll Sister, that very evening had given me a book on Cardinal Mindszenty. I spent most of the evening reading the book — hardly required reading for the eve of one's arrest. This reading matter did not do much to console me after I was arrested. I felt that something was going to happen to the Church, and as a bishop of that Church, I would be the one arrested.

Q *Your decision was to stay, no matter what came?*

A That's right.

Q *Will you tell us what happened?*

A I arose before dawn the next morning, to go and say Mass at the novitiate of the Chinese Sisters. While I was shaving, I heard some soldiers walking outside. I looked out the window and saw several

soldiers, a group of people, and two men obviously Northerners from the Security Police. After washing, I went to the chapel for a short visit before going to the novitiate, as was my custom. The police evidently were waiting for me to leave the house for chapel, because as soon as I went in the chapel, they beat on the main door of my house. The houseboy let them in, and they sent him for me. I came back a little too quick for them, because as I entered the house, I met two Security Police coming down the stairs. It was only afterwards that I realized what they were doing.

Q *Then what happened?*

A They took me to my bedroom, which I thought strange. They told me to open a chest of summer clothing, and had no objection as I and my houseboy turned the clothes over for inspection. Next they moved to a wardrobe. When I attempted to open it, one pushed me aside. It was then I expected to see something there I had never seen before. One of the Security Police gave a gasp of surprise. There he found wrapped in a newspaper a locally made revolver. He was very indignant, but not half as indignant as I! He tried to make me admit ownership. Meanwhile, the other officer opened a small drawer and found a parcel of raw opium. It was the first raw opium I had ever seen. This officer was also indignant, saying that I was using these things to undermine the Government and people. He ordered me bound. They put on a

great act to impress the others that they had caught a really great criminal. They also arrested Father Justin Kennedy, so the two of us were led off to the Detention House.

Q *Were you given a trial?*

A No. We were put in a large cell with about fifty Chinese. Later on, Father Kennedy and I were put in a cell together. We were in this cell about two weeks when it was decided that the house of detention should be enlarged. It is rather symbolic that the first thing the Communists enlarged in Wuchow was the jail.

Q *Where were you taken?*

A Across the river, to the large jail. This prison encompasses a vast area. It is enclosed with a large wall, on top of which is barbed wire, which was reported to have been charged with electricity. There were hundreds of soldiers there, and it was impossible to escape. When they took us over there, they put on quite a show. I went out with Father Kennedy and a young Chinese. We were bound arm to arm. The streets were lined with people watching us.

Q *Did they appear to be against you?*

A They didn't react either way. It was a pleasure for me, because I met a group of Catholic women who had been waiting to see us. It is the pious women who stand by in times of hardship. They walked along beside us until we reached the riverbank. Then a sampan took us across the river. The soldiers

were brutal to many of the prisoners. We could see them kicking them and pushing them around. One poor fellow suffering from malnutrition had difficulty walking. A soldier with a pair of huge army boots put his foot in the middle of the fellow's back and kicked him sprawling. The poor man happened to go across with us in the same sampan. His knees were skinned, and his legs bleeding. I was afraid he would die of fright. The young fellow with us cried the whole way.

Q *What happened in this prison?*

A Lots of questioning.

Q *I heard you were in solitary confinement for awhile?*

A Only about five days.

Q *How about the food?*

A Each prisoner was allowed twelve ounces of rice a day, less two ounces deducted for medical expenses. There was also one vegetable. The food in this prison was better than in most Red jails.

Q *How long did they question you?*

A In the first two months, I should say we went out on an average of three or four times a week. Then the questioning dropped off.

Q *How long were you imprisoned?*

A From late December 1951 to May 21, 1952.

Q *After you were allowed to go home, were the people afraid to talk to you?*

A I thought they would be, but on the evening I returned home, the people who lived near the mission heard about it and came in to greet me and ask for my blessing.



Free in Hong Kong, the Bishop baptizes Chinese refugees.

Q *Do you think the persecution is weakening the faith of the Christians?*

A On the contrary! It is solidifying the faith of most Catholics. They realize that their Faith is the only thing they have to hold on to.

Q *How did you manage to live during the years you were restricted?*

A The young Chinese priest, who lived with me, and I raised rabbits. When the rabbit market broke, we raised hens. Later we raised turkeys. The money we raised was used for the support of the mission.

Q *What about the Chinese Sisters?*

A They had many restrictions placed on them. They were obliged to take off their habits and wear ordinary Chinese clothes. They were not allowed to leave the city. To support them, we started a towel factory employing thirty persons, fifteen of whom were Sisters. The Government took over the Sisters' work, and the factory has to buy its yarn from the Government and sell the Government its towels.

Q *What about your seminary?*

A The seminarians were sent home in 1951, and we were never allowed to reopen.

Q *And your schools?*

A They have all been taken over. The prime purpose of the school today is indoctrination. I recall one day looking out the sacristy window, into the school. The teacher was instructing small children to report to her anything they overheard their parents or grandparents say that was against the Government. In this way they would show

MARYKNOLL

their love for the Communist party and for their country.

Q *I suppose mission property was confiscated.*

A Yes. For example, in Ping-nam we had a seminary, church, priests' house, house for catechists, house for study courses, and a convent. Out of all these buildings, for two years the priest was allowed one small room in which to live and say Mass. He had to wall off one section where he raised two pigs to support himself. The compound is still in the hands of the Communists, although the chapel has been given back to us, plus one small living room.

Q *How does that line up with what Clement Attlee said when he came out of China? He said that there was freedom of religion there.*

A Attlee should have been keen enough to realize that he was given a conducted tour, and that the people he talked to spoke under instructions. Chou En-lai also says there is freedom of worship, and that is true from the Communist viewpoint — which means freedom not to worship, or no churches at all.

Q *You mean we talk different languages?*

A Definitely. Theirs is a complete denial of the absolute. For the Communist, morality is in a progressive stage.

Q *Have the Communists changed policy since the Bandung Conference?*

A The Reds have not changed their policy, only their tactics. It is important to remember that. They

want the same things, but now are trying a new way to get them.

Q *How did you come to leave China at this time?*

A I was put on trial, charged with four "crimes." I was accused of using my power against the people because I refused to allow a Catholic to serve on a Communist committee as representative of the Church. I had acted against the people when I forbade them to sign the Communist petition denouncing Archbishop Riberi, the representative to China from the Holy Father. I was anti-Chinese because I had refused permission to allow a young Catholic man to join a Communist organization. Then I was a reactionary because I had promoted the Legion of Decency.

Q *Did they actually try you on these charges?*

A It was all cut and dried. I was in court two days. The charges were made, the judge shouted and ranted at me, and finally the sentence was pronounced. I was expelled forever from China. So I was taken immediately to the boat, and here I am in Hong Kong.

Q *Have you a final thought?*

A I think all of us in the free world should be alerted to what communism really is — an evil thing, attacking the dignity of man. Their hatred of religion should point up the necessity of it in our lives. Finally, I would ask prayers for all Chinese Christians, who must bear the brunt of all this Communistic hatred of the Church. ■ ■

A Vocation Is a Family Affair

Everybody had my life planned for me but I had ideas, too.

BY M. H. SPEAR

■ THE FAMILY looked at me as if I'd dropped a bombshell. My kid brother Bob was the first to break the silence. He blurted out, "G'wan, I don't believe you!"

Mother said: "Maryknoll? That's the foreign-mission society. You'd have to live abroad. We'd hardly ever see you!"

"Are you sure that's what you really want, son?" Dad asked. "It's a pretty big step to take."

"I didn't mean to surprise everyone so," I told them. "I've been thinking about this for a long time. I really believe I have a vocation. I talked it over last week with Father Jones, and he advised me to discuss it with you folks too. He says go slow and easy. He agrees with Dad that it's a big step."

"I'll admit," Dad said carefully, "I'd rather hoped you were coming into the business in a few years. But if it's God's will that you become a priest — and a mission priest, at that — we'd certainly

be proud of you! It's a new idea."

Sis sounded mad. "Ethel's going to hit the ceiling when I tell her this. She figures she had her claim all staked out, and she's running up fences."

"Ethel's a good kid and a lot of fun," I said, and I could see Mother watching me. "I think a lot of her; but I think a bit, too, about the people who just never heard of Our Lord. Ethel will get on all right, but *they* won't. Charley Payson is going to take her to the game Saturday, and Tom has her dated for the dance, and Frank Winton — don't worry about Ethel!"

"She's just trying to get the rope over you."

"Sure, I know," I said. And I guess the tone of voice told them something, because Sis looked at Mom, and Mom looked at Sis, and then they both turned and studied me differently. I went over and stood by Dad.

"Bob's a better businessman than

I'll ever be," I told him. "I hate going away from all of you. I hate the idea of your getting old, and my not being here to help look after you when you need it. I know that's a long way ahead, but I've thought of it. I couldn't go into the business, Dad, even if I were at home. It's not just a matter of learning what to do — a fellow has to *want* to, has to have his heart in it."

"That's right, son."

"But to live so far off!" Mother burst out. "Among heathen savages! If you're sure you want to be a priest, why not be a parish priest?"

"Doctors have to live among sick people, Mother. It's a good thing to be a parish priest, but I — I feel somehow that Maryknoll is for me. And when you choose a career this way you choose the sort of life that goes with it."

"The boy has thought this through, Mother. Let's not discourage him. It's a fine, brave thing he proposes to do."

Mother crossed herself. "God forbid that I discourage him! But he's so young, and it's his whole life,

and we ought to be sure he realizes what he's doing!"

"I do, Mother. I know how wonderful our home life has been — the family, and you and Dad. I know priests do without all that. I know I can't marry if I join Maryknoll, and that any grandchildren you have will be Bob's and Helen's. I know it's a lonely life sometimes — I'll miss my friends, I'll miss Joe Kirby, I'll miss Pete Greene — I figure maybe sometimes I'll wish I was back in the good old U.S.A. But on the other hand, if I *don't* do it I'm never going to feel right. After all, a fellow has to live with himself!"

Nobody said anything. They were all looking at me. Then Dad put out his hand and we shook hands warmly, man to man. Mother wiped her eyes a bit and got up and kissed me, and so did Sis. Bob said, "You'd better snap up your Latin grades a lot, boy! You can't get by with a C average any more!"

And then I went up to my room and, with a prayer in my heart, wrote Maryknoll. ■ ■

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

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Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....

JANUARY, 1956

The Man

FROM

Far Down

A tasty dish fit for a king
is his way of winning friends.

BY JOHN J. DREW, M.M.

■ THE PREFECTURE of Taichung, in Formosa, is not very big. It has a shape resembling somewhat the area bounded by Boston, New York, Washington (D.C.), Montauk Point and Kingston (N. Y.). We refer to the missionary from Taichung's "Boston," Tung Hsi, as the man from Far Down. And to make this appellation more fitting, the name of that versatile missionary is Father Richard E. Downey of Yonkers, N. Y., and North Hollywood, Calif.

If Father Dick had not received a priestly vocation, he would, I am sure, have made an excellent chef, one whose talents would be at home only in some first-class hotel in America. My reasons for this opinion are the methods he uses in spreading the Faith. His ingenious mind is forever dreaming up some powerful new seasoning mixtures of



humor, understanding, and perseverance. He makes the special dish of Christ's charity really a succulent morsel, enticing enough in its aroma alone to break down and eventually overcome the most stubborn resister of spiritual food likely to be encountered on Formosa.

The daily life of Father Downey is one long round of helping people, and in his spare time he scours his imagination for new ways to make his help more efficient. He specializes in visiting the sick. That means countless trips to various hospitals on the island, even those situated at points several hours away from his own parish. His purpose is either personally to conduct some ailing parishioner to a hospital or to visit parishioners who are patients. He wants to see that they are taken care of properly.

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Recently Father Dick came across a young chap who was so undernourished that it seemed to the priest the lad looked like someone overtraining himself in an effort to become a jockey. Off the two of them went to the hospital. The doctors did all they could to analyze the ailing man's problem and prescribe a cure.

Father Downey brought the young fellow back to the mission, where under his watchful eye the patient could follow the doctor's orders. After several weeks, the lad was no longer undernourished; gradually he regained full health and became robust enough to go home and take care of his family responsibilities.

In many similar cases, the man from Far Down has proved to be a living paraphrase of the Gospel's description of a missionary; an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, and a father of the poor.

Father Dick puts a good dose of

priestly patience into everything, even recreation. One day last summer, he was pitching for a local team, and what the young Formosans behind him on the field didn't know about baseball would fill volumes!

SAVE WITH THE U.S.

Gifts to Maryknoll may be deducted for Federal Income Tax purposes, provided your total donations to charity do not exceed the legal percentage of adjusted gross income.

The opposing team had four runs across the plate, before a ball was hit out of the infield. In the fourth inning, there

was a close play at the plate, and Father Dick had gone off the mound to assist—in vain. He was on his way back to his position when he noticed that all his teammates were coming in off the field. They brought their gloves with them.

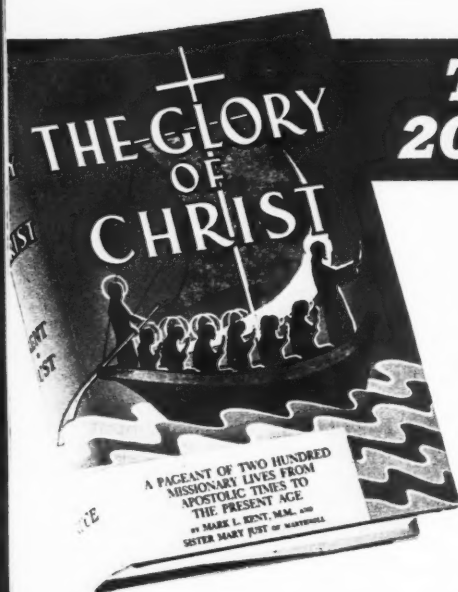
"Why are you quitting?" queried the man from Far Down (his ball team, too, was far down—in the league standing). "The game's not over yet."

"Sure it is," said his smiling teammates. "When a team is ten runs behind, it has to get off the field."



A TREAT

WE HAVE planned an unusual treat for our readers in 1956. We shall reproduce on our covers a series of twelve unusual paintings (the first of the series appears this month). Our artist is Miss Gerda Christofferson, a gifted Canadian, famous for her pastels of Indians. We commissioned her to do studies of the boys and girls of the lands where our missionaries work. Our missionaries have countless opportunities to study the qualities and customs of the peoples of other lands; for those of our readers who cannot afford to travel, Miss Christofferson has provided the next-best thing. Trained observers who have visited the lands represented, and have studied their peoples, are enthusiastic over the way Miss Christofferson has caught the human warmth of her subjects.



The Lives of 200 Missioners

In this colorful pageant of 200 of the world's outstanding missioners is shown their consuming dedication and heroism caught for a moment in brief individual sketches of their lives. These people, who consecrated their very bodies and souls in bringing Christ both to the rich and the poorest of the poor, are seen laboring in the most difficult, often hazardous situations.

Here are encountered great men like St. Augustine, St. Patrick, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis

of Assisi, St. Dominic. But not all the sketches are of canonized saints. Included are lesser known men and women who nevertheless shared the work and complete allegiance to Christ that is missionary life. Unique in its method of dealing with missionary history, *The Glory of Christ* is perhaps the only single volume on the subject so completely presented in English. **\$3.75**

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Never Say Enough

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.

■ TO AN old China hand, transportation on Formosa is really something to rave about. Blue Hound busses run along the main road from north to south, carrying an elite crowd of travelers.

Coming back from the country a short time ago, a woman clawed her way into one of these busses, carrying two baskets — one full of chickens, the other ducks — and a bedroll, and had a baby strapped to her back. She was holding her ticket between her teeth. She put the basket of ducks right at my feet and sat down beside me.

Being somewhat burdened with the day's heat, I dozed off for a while, but was awakened suddenly to find the woman wiping my shoe. Having read Sherlock Holmes when I was a kid, I came to the speedy conclusion that the ducks had been engaged in some sordid business while my eyes were shut.

Came the halfway mark, and our bus was loaded, pressed in, and flowing over. A few passengers got out, but many more were waiting to get in. Among them a female loud-speaker, who completely drowned out all other stations. Her hands were occupied, too: a basket of chickens in one; in the other, a gunny sack in which there were signs of life. She was about to put the

sack down on the floor when the girl who collects the tickets demanded to know what was in it.

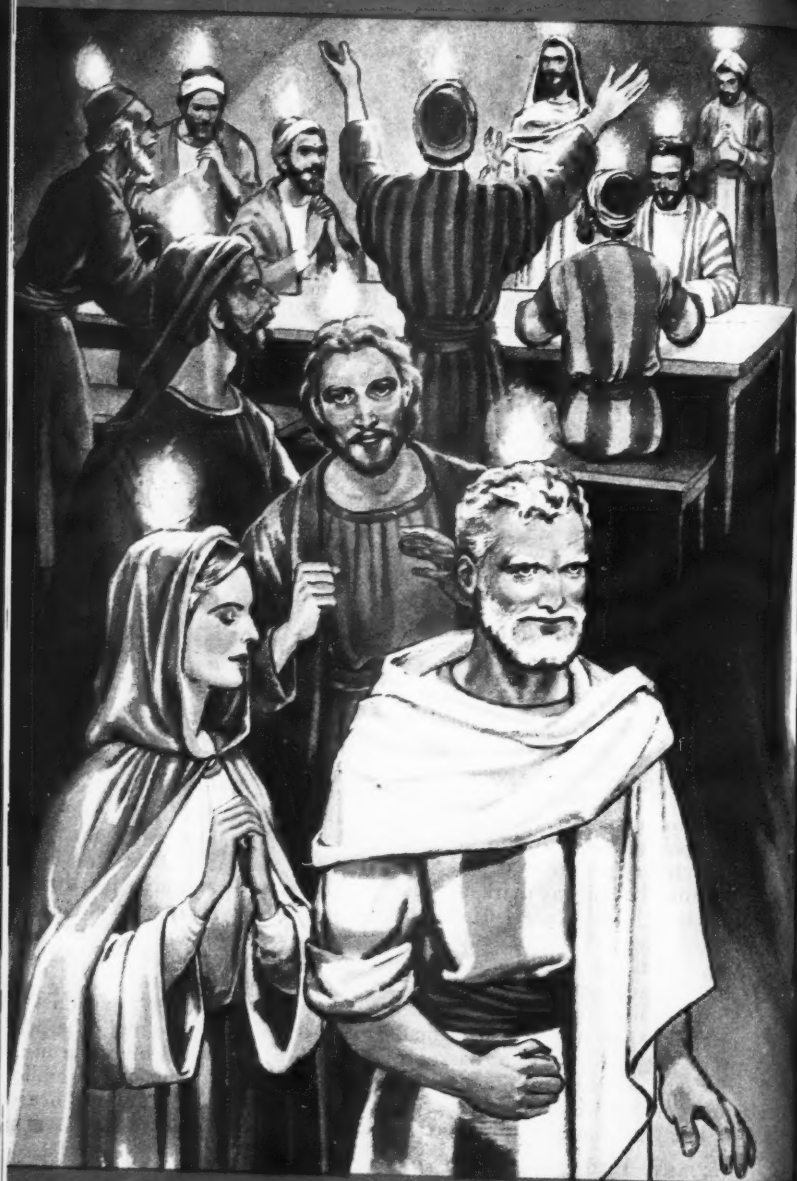
"A couple of young pigs," she replied.

"I thought so!" said the girl. "Take them out! This is a passenger bus, not a cattle car." Then followed a loud and lengthy discussion about the propriety of pigs on a bus. The woman appealed to the passengers: "What harm is there in a couple of pigs? You eat pork every day."

The girl ticket collector realized she was no match for this woman in a battle of words, so she grabbed the sack and heaved it out. Some friend on the outside returned the throw, but the girl caught the sack on the first bounce and pitched it out again. Then she slammed the door and blew a whistle for the bus to start.

By this time it was very hard to distinguish between the protests of the pigs' owner and the screeching of the pigs. As an impartial witness, I gave the woman a slight edge, especially when she raised her voice another octave and ordered the girl to open the door.

"If you won't allow pigs on this bus, it's no place for me!" she protested. She shouted invective until the girl opened the door and let her out. She could still be heard for a couple of blocks. ■ ■



THE BIG MOMENT

Pentecost Sunday marks a great milestone in the history of the Catholic Church, for that was the day on which the Church was born. In the form of fire, the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, inspiring them to great deeds in behalf of Christ.

Every Catholic is marked with the same fire at the time of his confirmation. In accepting the sacrament, we signify that we are prepared to accept adult responsibilities — spreading the Faith, leading men to Christ. Renew this obligation in your resolutions for the New Year.



Death of a Mean Man

BY SISTER MARIA HOSTIA



"I don't want to go to Heaven if he's there!" said his wife.

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■ IN OUR TOWN, Ikuri San was known for what he was: a mean old man, if there ever was one. When he was sick unto death and could no longer force respect, everybody turned against him, even his family. Everybody, that is, except Kuniko.

"Let him die," they said. "And a good thing, too."

They were all non-Christians — even their sense of right-and-wrong had been outraged. Ikuri's sins ranged from beating his wife, to throwing a poor farmer out of house and home on a legal technicality. But everybody said that the worst thing he ever did was to sell his daughter, Kuniko, to be a geisha girl. There was no necessity for it. Ikuri was not poor. And Kuniko was a good girl.

Kuniko was sold when she was only ten years old and was sent to a geisha house in a nearby city. Luckily, she went to work for Matsui San, a goodhearted and kindly man in spite of his business. He educated her and taught her music and singing. He also gave her considerable freedom; so much so, that one day she wandered into a Catholic church in the city. After that first time, she went often.

Kuniko talked to some of the Catholics she met there. One and all told her, "You cannot be a Catholic and live your kind of life."

It took several years, but eventually she persuaded Matsui San to release her. Eight years of servitude, she argued, sufficed to pay him for her education. She had to attempt suicide, however, before he gave in.

Kuniko looked up as soon as

she returned to our town. She began instructions immediately. Soon her whole family — with the exception of old Ikuri, of course — were interested in this new religion.

Then Ikuri became sick. Kuniko fought for his chance at salvation: "Let the Sisters come and ask him if he wishes to be baptized."

"He doesn't deserve to be saved," the family answered her. "Look! He lies there cursing you."

Kuniko came and told us, anyway.

Ikuri San was lying in misery as we entered the house. Kuniko was the only one who would care for his bodily needs. I must admit, it was with some trembling that I approached that man who had been the terror of his household and the town. His baleful eyes were weak, but they still held plenty of fire.

He said nothing as we began the explanation of doctrine. His face was noncommittal when we told of the sacrifice of Calvary, when God died for sinners such as he. I felt we had failed to touch off the spark.

With a faltering voice, I said: "Ikuri San, you will soon see God. Do you want to be baptized?"

He nodded. "I want. He is good," the old man gasped. Then in a moment, "I'm sorry I hurt Him."

Ikuri continued lessons until his strength failed entirely. Then quietly we baptized him, and his soul slipped away.

Most of the family are delighted, of course. They also wish to take instructions. Only the wife holds out. "I know Ikuri," she says. "If he is in Heaven, I don't want to go there!"

But Kuniko will win her, too. ■ ■

EDITORIAL:

OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ A VOCATION to the missions comes from God, but it is well to understand the nature of a vocation from the human point of view. What many a young man wants in life is an opportunity to give his best. His ambitions will not be satisfied by making a business or artistic success, by accumulating money, by wielding political influence, or by attaining eminence in any other line of merely human endeavor.

Any of these achievements would satisfy his friends, and they would call him a success, but it would not satisfy him. He knows he has more in him. He could do all that, and yet his life could remain a complete failure. He realizes in his heart that he could be a success in many senses and still miss the real meaning of life, which is to be a success in God's sense. That means to make his life yield its maximum possibilities.

A young man who wishes to find a calling in which he can develop to the full all his latent faculties — spiritual, intellectual, physical — and can harness them to a cause of limitless horizons that will give them all the fullest possible play, would do well to pray to God for a vocation to the missions.

THE CLASSIC qualities required in the apostolic life are adaptability and initiative, and these two great outlets insure to the most gifted personality a broad field for the full expression of any and all talents. A missionary has the opportunity to live completely, dangerously, significantly, and for God. The lad, therefore, who wants to live life, instead of standing on the side lines looking at life, could choose no better career than that of a missionary.

Incidentally, it is the possession of these two qualities — adapta-

This Month's Cover



What is life like for the Indian maid on our cover? Her fiesta costume is as gay and carefree as her everyday life is drab and hard. She lives in Soloma, a dirty, little town high in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala. She has to begin work on the tiny family farm at an early age. The menu in her home includes eggs, tortillas, and twenty-seven kinds of vegetables; there is meat on the table perhaps once a week.

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bility and initiative — that renders the American naturally qualified for mission work.

Mission lands have a civilization and a culture of their own, which the adaptable American is disposed to study and to appreciate. The man who can see good in his adopted people and their customs can easily take the further step of adopting their customs. An American does this readily. He is not tied down. He does not regard his little traditions so seriously that he cannot exchange them for the traditions of his adopted country. This is being all things to all men. It is the essence of mission spirit. God gave it to the true American as part of his natural endowment, the heritage of his forebears.

INITIATIVE is the other classic virtue of the apostle. Foreign-mission work is in many respects a vast, uncharted sea. The missionary's life is truly a case of launching out into the deep. This calls for initiative; the gift of invention to conceive, and the fire of zeal to execute; the spirit of eternally trying; the soul of the pioneer. Here we touch American characteristics in their most active form. Can we think of a better natural equipment than this?

It goes without saying, of course, that to these qualities must be added all the supernatural virtues, for no work for God can succeed without union with God. But the natural endowment of a man is also from God, and it points to the purpose for which God intends to use him. Does this mean that God intends

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

to use Americans for foreign-mission work on a large scale? Does He plan an outpouring of young men and young women from America, who will find an outlet for their energies and qualities in the divine quest for His other sheep? We do not know, but we believe that, in the American type, He finds a good instrument near to His hand for the divine work near to His heart. The spiritual beauty of such a calling speaks to those who can interpret it. For God is a spirit, and He seeks those who will help others adore Him in spirit and in truth, as Christ directed. ■ ■



OPPORTUNITIES for YOU in 1956

There are 40 altars in the new chapel at the major Maryknoll Seminary. You can help to make the altars ready for Mass. The following items are needed:

<i>Vestments (set)</i>	<i>\$30.00</i>	<i>Altar Missal</i>	<i>\$30.00</i>
<i>Altar cloths (set)</i>	<i>20.00</i>	<i>Mass cards (set)</i>	<i>20.00</i>
<i>Alb</i>	<i>20.00</i>	<i>Requiem Missal</i>	<i>10.00</i>
<i>Missal stand</i>	<i>12.00</i>	<i>Cincture</i>	<i>3.00</i>
<i>Cruets and dish</i>	<i>5.00</i>	<i>Purificator</i>	<i>.75</i>
<i>Amice</i>	<i>1.25</i>	<i>Corporal</i>	<i>.75</i>
<i>Pall</i>	<i>.75</i>	<i>Finger towel</i>	<i>.50</i>

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

To prepare an altar for Mass, I enclose

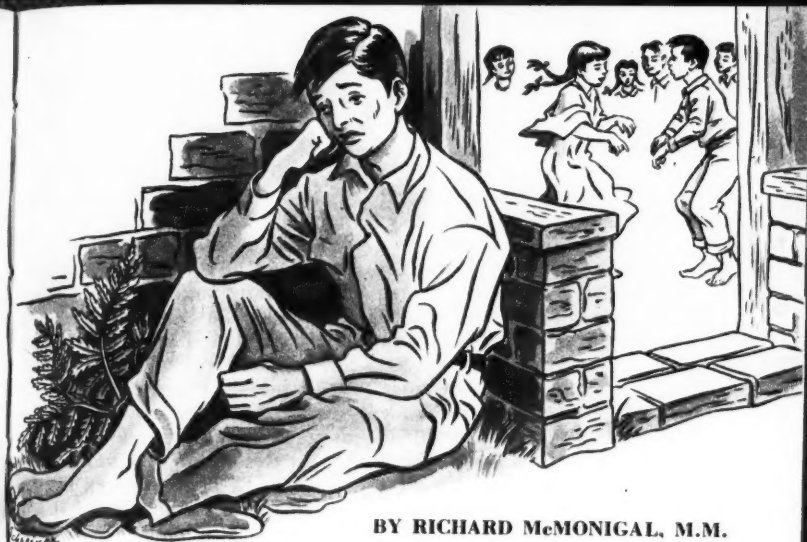
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BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

CUTTING CAPERS

In the Bolivian jungle, some women can't make up their minds.

■ ON THE last Sunday of the year, I went to Lago San José to say Mass for the people there. Rosalino and I rode out in the jeep a couple of miles to where I had arranged to rent some horses. Everyone in that village had danced all night so the horses weren't ready and one of the boys had to ride into town to find the owner and make arrangements. After three hours of riding through the jungle, we reached the lake. The message I had sent had not arrived, and the people were not

expecting me. Fortunately, the men had all gathered for a meeting, so the thatched shed was filled with men during Mass.

I got breakfast at 1:30 P.M.; that is if you call a tortilla, and tea made from rushes, breakfast. By that time, it tasted as good as steak to me. It was hot when we started back, and we baked in the sun as we crossed the stretches of pampa. What a relief it was to enter the cool greenness of the jungle again! The round trip took twelve hours. We were

glad to leave the horses and climb in the jeep for the short trip home. About halfway there, the jeep stopped and wouldn't start. I left Rosalino with the jeep and started off on foot, not much in the mood for walking in the sun. Fortunately, I met one of our older boys, biking out in the country with a girl on the handlebars. I was not in a very romantic frame of mind so I appropriated the bicycle and rode into San José.

When I was in shouting distance of the house, I began to bellow for Father Fritz: "Your jeep (it is always his when there is something wrong with it, ours when it is running well) is out there on the road. If you want it, you can go and get it. It can stay there forever, as far as I'm concerned!" And I collapsed in the hammock.

Because a lot of the Catholic Action boys were going into army service, we decided to have a New Year's Eve dance. We hired a three-piece orchestra; the young fellows and girls arranged for the food and decorated the new school. At nine in the evening, the dance began with about thirty couples. Several of our older orphans invited a few girls to the dance.

I saw Rosalino, one of our orphans arrive with Maria, a very lively and personable girl. Then he disappeared. I began to wonder what had happened. After an hour, I went to look for him. I finally found him, sitting in the dark in back of the *asilo*. He was lower than an alligator's belly at the bottom of the Beni River.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," was his tense answer. I tried everything but got no place. Rosalino is on the shy side, but he had new clothes and knows how to dance. Finally I gave up. I thought I knew something about handling teen-age boys. But this was something new. One of the consequences of coming from a large Irish family and spending many years with the extroverts of Maryknoll, was that I hadn't met many shy people.

A while later some of the fellows found Rosalino in bed. They dragged him out and made him return to the dance. Finally about midnight he began to mix a little.

As near as I could figure it out, Rosalino had brought Maria to the dance and he thinks Maria is real George. But as she entered the door some fellow whirled her off in a dance. Since he had gone down to her house and brought her to the dance, that was too much for Rosalino. So he just quit. It was his first contact with fickle women and he didn't like it. I know where to find the answers to moral, dogma and canon law problems, but where does one find the answer to this one?

I broke the dance up at one-thirty, reminding all of them about Mass for New Year's. They all moved over to a house and continued the dance until three. All behaved themselves and had a good time. I don't believe that priests should act as masters of ceremonies, but where there is no legitimate recreation, we have to help supply the need. It doesn't do any good to rave about the excesses unless we have something to substitute.

The next day we were gratified when most of the girls came to the eight o'clock Mass and went to Communion. The Catholic Action boys all came to the evening Mass, a *missa recitata* and went to Communion. So we got the new year off to a good start.

Under Bishop Danchy's direction, we made plans for a Family Communion Sunday. I preached a sermon on the subject of the Holy Family because I looked at the calendar wrong. Sister made posters that were put up in strategic parts of the parish to remind the people. We had letters printed, and the Young Ladies and Catholic Action boys visited every house in the parish, explaining the idea, inviting the people to come and having them sign up for the Mass they would attend.

A gratifying number of families signed up. We numbered all the pews and had ushers in church to show the family to its reserved pew. It was wonderful to see whole families come up to Communion together. The idea had taken hold, and a lot of men came who hadn't shown up even for Christmas. It was a powerful example of the old idea of group action.

That night we had a family dance and again whole families came, young and old. It was a great sight to see some of the toothless, bare-foot mommas cutting wild capers and having a wonderful time. It was a wonderful Family Day, giving proof to the adage, "The family that prays together, stays together, plays together."

Bishop Danchy and Father Fritz

went up the Beni River to Blanca Flor to visit Father Felix McGowan. They made the round trip without an accident. The only flies in the ointment were that they were cramped in a small boat and endured a constant racket and shaking by the outboard motor. This trip broke the long series of bad-luck jaunts that Bishop Danchy had when he traveled with Father Fritz or me.

It is a long and imposing list, including one airplane crack-up, one fire in a motor of an airplane, one spill into the Beni River from loaded canoes, and three days spent on a sand bar with a broken motor. The bishop's travels sound like a modern version of Saint Paul. The first I knew about their safe return from Blanca Flor was when Father Fritz was kicking down the door to be let in at one-thirty in the morning.

Father Thomas Collins and Father Fritz, the two pastors in town, went on vacation, so Father Joseph O'Neill and I, long time assistants, could do as we pleased. Father Thomas Higgins came over to take my place while I went to Lago San José. As usual the jeep got stuck in the mud before we got to the end of the road. Rosalino and I left the jeep and carried our saddles and equipment to the place where the horses were waiting.

It was the rainy season so the arroyos were full. At the first arroyo we came to, my horse stepped in a hole and had to start swimming. The water came up over the saddle, gurgled into the saddle bags and splashed down into my boots. The

sun dried us out after a while. After Mass and a meeting with the men to discuss a new school, we started back. It started to rain, and it came down in torrents; we plodded ahead and splashed along, looking like something out of a Laurel and Hardy comedy.

We got back to the usual place, left the horses, walked to the jeep and after cutting down half the jungle and putting it under the wheels, we drove out.

That night we had the first wedding of one of our orphan boys. Angel Noro is 19, Olga our cook is 21. During the past year, they started going together. We asked them several times if they wanted to get married. Since Angel had to go in the army, they said they would wait until he got out. But they didn't wait. I called them once more and they said they were ready. We had several talks on Christian marriage and family responsibility.

The only difficulty was that Angel was then in the army and the army takes a dim view of soldiers getting married. I got some unofficial advice and sent the pair to Las Piedras to be married. They went up there and found the *registro* was not there; fortunately another *registro* was vis-

iting there from Cobija and he married them on the strength of my letter stating that they had permission.

They got back here about seven

o'clock Sunday. We gathered witnesses together, locked the doors of the church, and with the witnesses and the

orphan boys present, I blessed their marriage.

At the last minute, I learned there was no ring. Fortunately I had a gold ring that belonged to my father. It had followed me around all these years. During my first days at the Venard, I was serving Mass and went up with the cruets at the offertory. One of the faculty members saw the ring and growled, "Only bishops wear rings during Mass!" The ring has been stolen a couple of times and always recovered. It ended up as a wedding ring.

We have come to an end of an era. Our first orphan is married. But we didn't lose a son, we gained a permanent cook. We had to buy clothes for the bride, pay for the civil marriage, the boat trip and the gasoline, provide support for the wife for the coming year, and give spending money to the groom. Right after the wedding I had to send the new husband back to the army. ■ ■

EVERY FRIDAY OF 1956

each Maryknoll Brother and seminarian will offer his Holy Communion and rosary for you; each priest will offer his Mass. Every day all of us will pray for you.

FATHER George Pfister's mission in Ngula, Africa, covers a lot of territory. One Sunday two boys hiked the thirty miles from their village to the mission center so that they could hear Mass. Afterwards Father Pfister asked these fourth-grade boys, "Why did you come all that way?" One of the lads replied: "Why not? Look at what Jesus did for us!"

If You had the Money which would You Choose?

The following items are needed to furnish and equip the new Maryknoll Seminary Chapel

Baldachin over main altar	\$15,000
Tomb of Maryknoll cofounders.	\$ 4,000
Statues of St. Peter and St. Paul.	\$ 2,000 each
Marble pedestals for statues	\$ 450 each
Stained-glass windows (7 for sacristy)	\$ 500 each
Bronze crucifixes (40)	\$ 125 each
Bronze candlesticks (40 pairs)	\$ 200 pair
Narthex grille and clock	\$ 450
Sanctuary inscriptions (gold).	\$ 100 each

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

To begin 1956 with a gift for God's service, I enclose \$. for.
in the new Maryknoll Seminary Chapel.

My Name

Street

City Zone State



Where Justice Is a Stranger

A horrible, deadly nightmare stalks people in broad daylight.

BY JOHN J. TIERNEY, M.M.

■ A POOR Chinese farmer made great sacrifices to give his son, Happiness, a better education than he had had. But the expense of high-school tuition proved a burden for the farmer's budget; soon insufficient rice and overstudy began to undermine the health of young Happiness. A trip to the dispensary revealed that tuberculosis was making inroads in the lungs of another victim.

Local doctors were tried but with bad results, and so the Catholic mission became the last desperate resort for help. Weekly injections and generous quantities of multivitamins saw the boy safely through high school to the big day of graduation.

Just as young Happiness was about to step out into the world, "liberation" came. It was a scourge that separated man from his every God-given right; that made truth become falsehood and the charity of Christ high treason.

MARYKNOLL

In spite of strong opposition, Happiness still came to us for his injections and considered the missionaries his best friends. We soon saw a needed friend in him for he had become an official in the new regime.

The Church had been guaranteed religious freedom by no less a personage than Mao Tse-tung. Despite that, three of our outstanding Chinese priests were accused of being spies of America. They were tortured and thrown in prison. In a Communist state, legal defense is unheard-of; but realizing the horrible injustice of it all, I asked my patient if he would try to get some justice for the condemned priests. Happiness listened very attentively while I told him the details. He was much impressed when I guaranteed with my life the innocence of the condemned men. He assured me he would do all in his power to get justice for them.

In a few days he went to the prisoners' town, and after investigation found there was no real evidence against the priests. He was told, however, that an important general had put them in prison and was the only one who could release them. The general was contacted by mail, and the answer came back that, unless their innocence could be proven beyond doubt, he could not release them. There was no evidence of their guilt, and so a trip to the provincial city seemed all that was necessary to effect their release. A day was set for the trip to Canton and hope for justice seemed on the horizon. But provincial governments don't always deal out justice: this

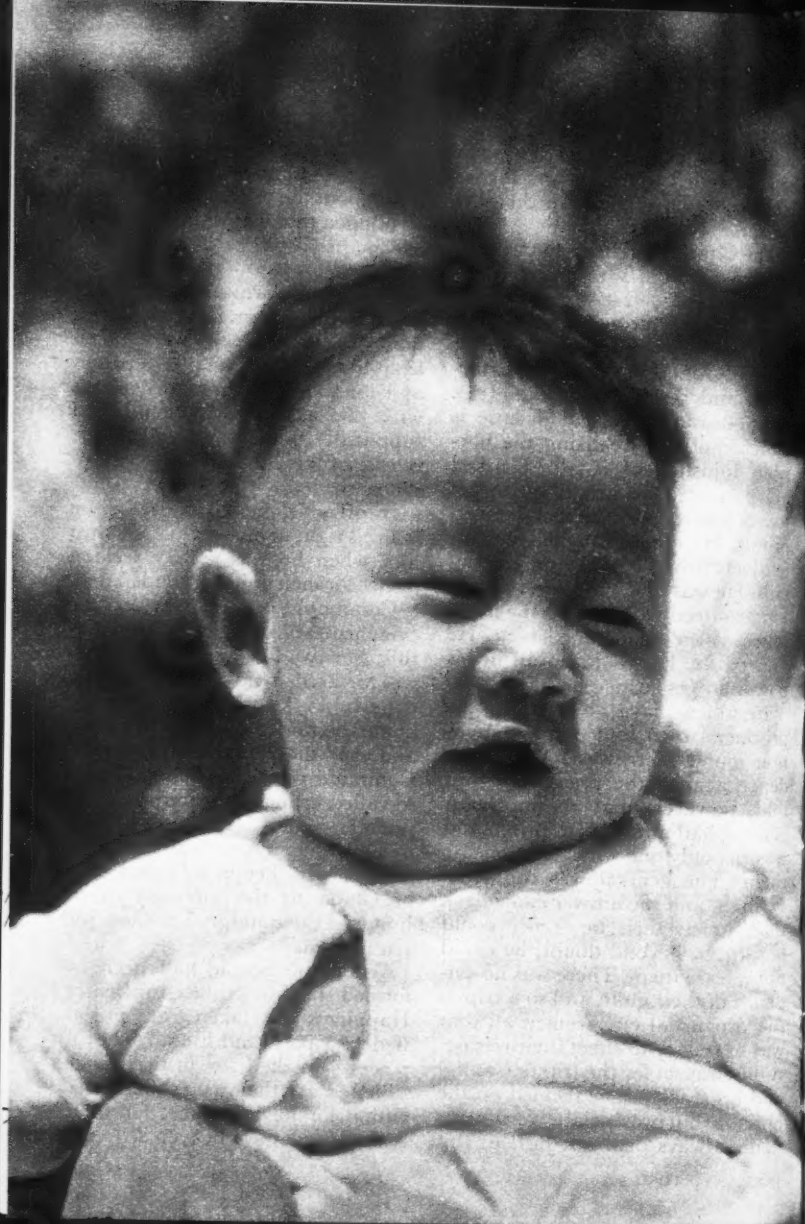
one dealt Happiness disaster and horrible death.

One morning Happiness was called to the mandarin's office. Believing the call meant some further word about the release of the priests, he stopped at the mission enroute to tell me he would be back in a few hours.

At the mandarin's office, he was placed under arrest. His gun, shield, uniform, and bicycle were taken from him, and he was put in prison and questioned about his dealings with me, as to how much I had supposedly paid him to effect the release of the Chinese priests. Happiness denied the charge. As a former official, he challenged the police's right to invent a plot against him when he was merely seeking justice for men unjustly condemned.

Communist courts always get the evidence they need from the plaintiffs. For two full weeks, Happiness was tortured. Who could blame him if he broke? During this time, his home was raided, and his young wife and aged mother were subjected to Communist investigation. Then his so-called crimes appeared on large posters around town: "Taking money from an American spy to undermine the People's Government of China to the amounts of six hundred thousand, two million and ten million."

When the people had been informed of his crime sufficiently, Happiness was taken from prison, tied to a post, and literally shot to pieces. He died for justice's sake. "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." ■ ■



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Schoolboys interrupt their luncheon of cold rice to greet Father Lynch.

FORMOSAN SMALL FRY

■ It's really a hard heart that doesn't soften when in the presence of youngsters. The freshness and joy of youth have an appeal matched by nothing else in nature.

The children of Formosa are no exception to this rule. They may not have all the opportunities of American children. The years before them may be uncertain because

of a not-too-distant enemy. But for the fleeting years of childhood, life is full and rich and happy.

Missioners have always reserved a special place in their affections for the children among whom they work. Father Francis J. Lynch is no exception. He not only likes children; he preserves the liking in heart-warming portraits. ■ ■

A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION BY FRANCIS J. LYNCH, M.M.



PALS. Who can explain the wonderful mystery of a new friendship? A secret shared, an experience together, and life takes on richness.



ship?
ness.

PRINCESS AT THE CURBSIDE. Youth has many moods. There are moments of rapturous gaiety, and then suddenly a reserve that lends pert dignity.



CHORES. The daily tasks that fall to children are part of family living and family training. The children of Formosa also share in work.





FREEDOM. No escapees from the chain gang, are these young brothers. Unlike relatives in Red China, these Formosans will grow up free.



Three Cheers for the Bishop

Bishop Manuel Larrain's pace exhausts an energetic curate.

BY FREDERICK HEGARTY, M.M.

■ I PROMISED to take Bishop Larrain to Curepto in the jeep, for his pastoral visit. The day before we were to go, I received a telephone call from the bishop. He was in Santiago and arranged to meet me in Molina at midnight. We would start for Curepto at six in the morning. Just before midnight, a broken-down truck drove up, and the bishop stepped out. He had not eaten all day and was sick. He could manage only a snack of crackers and jam.

In the morning we started on the

three-hour trip to Curepto. Father Francis J. Assenmacher met us in Licanten; there Bishop Larrain changed into his ceremonial dress. As we drew close to Curepto, the bishop kept saying: "Fred, go slower. These poor people will never be ready on time."

And he was right. We arrived at ten o'clock. We passed through the flower arches, and then the people started to run from their houses to greet us. By the time we reached the church, there were a couple of thousand people following us. Bishop Larrain went right to the microphone and, as Father John J. Moriarty remarked later, he began to preach Christ and His love for us.

It was almost eleven o'clock, when the bishop began Mass. He preached again after the Gospel.

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At Communion time he gave out his share of the 1,500 Communions. After Mass he had a cup of coffee, and then went out to the plaza, to talk to the people and give them holy cards.

In the afternoon, there was the big job of putting 700 children with their godparents in the church, for confirmations. Bishop Larrain gave a sermon and then proceeded with the two-hour task of anointing foreheads and pronouncing some tongue-twisting names. By the time the confirmation ceremony was finished, the people were lining up for one of the biggest processions Curepto has ever seen. The bishop led the rosary and singing as we wound up and down the streets of that hilly town.

After that came a party with the town officials. Bishop Larrain took advantage of the occasion to talk to them on their obligations as Catholic politicians. This ability of the bishop to take advantage of an opportunity is what makes him a real apostle. He says the right thing for every occasion.

After the party, I excused myself and retired. Bishop Larrain went to supper at the mayor's home. I do not know what time he returned, but at midnight he was knocking at my door. There was a sick call to be made. Father Joseph H. Cappel, the pastor, was out in one of the mission stations (La Orilla), preparing for the confirmations there. I offered to make the call, but the bishop insisted on making it.

He returned at half-past one. He had been out in the country, and had found the patient to be an hys-

terical girl of eighteen, who had a headache. The bishop's only reaction was: "It was good that I went. She promised me to prepare for her first Holy Communion."

After breakfast, bright and early, we were on our way to La Orilla. About halfway out, we passed the home of the sick girl. She was standing at the side of the road with a bunch of flowers to throw at us. We passed under many floral arches. As we neared the settlement, about forty men on horseback rode out to escort us. Soon we were amidst the people, who were tossing flowers and yelling, "*Viva el Obispo!*"

After that visit, we were on our way to Huenchuame, a little town on the Pacific coast. There a Chilean priest was awaiting us with a group of people to be confirmed. At least sixty men on horses rode forward to escort us.

The next day Bishop Larrain visited more little settlements. On Wednesday morning, we started for Rapilermo — the largest station of the parish of Curepto. After a half hour of driving, the fuel line clogged. While Father Cappel and I worked to clean it out, the bishop borrowed a horse. He galloped an hour, in order to get to Rapilermo to say Mass for the people. After the Mass, about 300 people lined up despite the boiling heat, and the bishop started to confirm.

At noon we started the rough journey over the hills to Talca — and to civilization. As we rode along, the bishop remarked: "I don't know which hurt most — the bruises from the jeep, or those from the horse's saddle!" ■ ■



■ DURING his Scripture lectures at Maryknoll, our professor often made pointed applications to the great difference between converting pagans or winning back nominal Catholics, and establishing the Church.

In Jacaltenango, Guatemala, three priests minister to an estimated 32,000 Catholics; perhaps 13,000 of them receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist in the course of a year. There is no convenient way of knowing the exact figures. Our 32,000 parishioners are scattered over an area some sixty-five miles long and thirty miles

wide. The terrain is mountainous, the trails are often dangerous, sometimes impassable, and all travel is on foot or horseback.

If our objective were to save as many souls as possible, our program would call for an endless series of rides from village to village, to baptize newborn infants and anoint dying persons. We know from first-hand experience that the infant mortality rate is near sixty per cent; we know that adults are dying every day of the week, in the villages. The infants could be baptized, and the sick could receive the sacra-



KEY MEN

A snowball grows enormously
on its way down a long hill.



BY ALBERT L. REYMANN, M.M.

ments of the dying, with few exceptions, if the three of us would practically live in the saddle. We know where to find the people in need. However, if this policy were in effect, what should we have to show after ten, twenty, fifty, or even one hundred years of this type of activity? Many souls saved, but still no established Church.

The Jacalteco Indians have had resident priests continuously administering the parish, for almost seventy-five years. Because of the excessive demands made on the overworked Padres, they could do

nothing more than handle the bare essentials. In some three centuries, the parish has never had a vocation to the priesthood or Sisterhood.

It must be evident to the most casual observer that, with so many Catholics practicing the Faith and receiving the sacraments, there must be something wrong with their leadership when they do not produce vocations. The Catholic families are here, some of them for many generations. Their members pray at home; they go to confession and receive Holy Communion; they assist at Mass, Rosary, and Benediction.

OF SPECIAL NOTE



TO BE HUNGRY, cold or sick hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as in Europe or America. When a person is hungry or cold or sick, he needs help right away. We haven't time to send out an SOS for help: we must give immediately what we have. The halt, the blind, the sick, the homeless, the hungry, the naked, in the mission field are being cared for by Maryknoll's Charity Fund. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy; it will make you a partner of our missionaries.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**

Many of them make regular visits to the Blessed Sacrament. It is truly heartening to see little barefoot, dirty-faced lads sloshing through the mud on their way home from school and stopping at the church to make a visit.

Father Edward J. McGuinness, a zealous and successful missionary laboring in the most difficult mission of Huehuetenango, has introduced a system of volunteer catechists for his parish. We try to follow his method as best we can. Our volunteer catechists number about 250. There are three employees of our center who occasionally work full time. The volunteer catechists teach doctrine to all aspirants for marriage and First Communion. When a catechist presents a person for the doctrinal examination we know that the person is prepared.

To give the catechist prestige, the Padre deals with the people through the catechist, even when there is no language barrier. The religious teacher (catechist) is a most important asset in mission work. It is our task to bring this home to him in as many ways as possible, and also to make the people respect the catechist's position.

The catechists get special training every time the priest visits their villages. The catechists come into the center at least once a month, for an entire day of doctrine. Three days, each year, we conduct a closed retreat for 215 catechists. Instruction, food, and sleeping space are provided.

Last retreat, Fathers James P. Curtin and John M. Breen and I worked with the catechists until all

MARYKNOLL

three of us were exhausted. It was an inspiring experience — perhaps more so for us than for the catechists. Some came from forty miles away. They had seen a priest in their home towns only twice.

"Padre, we just want to learn more doctrine, because we're ignorant," said one catechist. "When will you come again to my village?"

"Maybe in three months," was the best I could offer.

The catechist with fire in his soul goes a long way to confirm and extend the Faith that is already practiced in the family circle. The missionary can only occasionally give distant Catholics an opportunity to receive the sacraments. But the catechists, acting as apostles in the midst of their own people, can give the reasons for the practices of the Faith the Indians cling to. The zealous catechist goes a long way towards building Catholic families, from which will spring the boys and girls to be the religious leaders of tomorrow.

If catechists can do what is indicated above (and they do), then what could a native priest be able to do? He might be described as a catechist-plus. Our mission is now twenty years away from the day when some child now in our Catholic kindergarten might be ordained. And there would be only a very slim chance that the bishop would send such a newly ordained priest back to replace us.

Already the bishop has more pressing needs in every other part of his diocese. At the present rate of growth, we could well use fifty Maryknoll Missioners within the

next ten years; our number now is twenty-five.

A student for the priesthood will not be ordained unless he knows theology; he cannot understand theology unless he reads Latin; he will not master Latin unless he goes to a good school. The mission wants priests who will be equal to those of any country. For this reason, a school has been launched in Jacaltenango, with Sisters from Spain promised for next year.

This school will give the Indian children of the pueblo seven solid years of training, during which time they will become familiar with the tools of learning. The school will discipline the children, and also teach them habits of cleanliness. We hope to bring the pupils up to the point where the Padre in charge will be able to skim off the more promising and send them to compete with Ladino boys and girls from other parts of the country, without fear that the Indians will fail because they lack the essentials.

Missionary work in Huehuetenango seems to progress best when there is a well-balanced combination of concentration and expansion. Concentration makes leaders available — leaders both lay and ecclesiastical, who will bring about the abundant harvest after the seed has been planted. Expansion — gaining more and more people through activities of the missionary — gives the direction that apostolic work must take. The real expansion is the growth of a national Church. Gaining all the souls in the parishes is not our work as missionaries. That is a job for native priests. ■ ■



Why, of course!

YOUR hand, as well as Sister's, gives help to these poor victims of a Hong Kong fire. That is, **IF** you have helped to train this Sister for her life time mission of mercy.

YOU are right in there, wherever Maryknoll Sisters the world over instruct the ignorant, harbor the harborless, heal the sick or clothe the naked.

We do it together.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... which will put me into such a mission picture.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$
a month to help support a Sister.

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HAVING the smallest rectory and the biggest parish of all Maswa-Shinyanga is the distinction right now of Father George Pfister, of Gula. Father Joseph Brannigan has the most precious parish, embracing two diamond mines, Father Alphonse Schiavone at Kilulu has the wildest parish, full of lions and leopards, and the terrible Masai who throw spears at the Basukuma homesteaders and steal their cattle. Father Edward James has the "cottonest" parish; the people there hope to produce 10,000 bales of cotton this year. But the Gula parish is the biggest.

Father Pfister's parish includes several chiefdoms and reaches far across the Serengeti Plain. It touches Lake Eyasi and approaches the Uramba Mountains. Although Father will continue to have the largest parish, he hopes to lose soon the distinction of having the smallest rectory.

Plans for a new house are well under way. Father has gathered a corps of steady, hard workers. Best among the workers is Numbu. Numbu means potato; call him Spud for short. Basukumas as a rule are not big and heavy, but Numbu is built like Earthquake McGoon. No stone is too heavy for him, no load too big.

The "Where-Did-You-Saw-Me-From?" People are in Gula parish. These are the Bahi, remnants of a Pygmy tribe. They are called the "Wambonera He" people, meaning "Where Did You See Me From?" because they are very self-conscious about their diminutive stature, and resent any reference to it.

JANUARY, 1956

Put It There, Pardner!

BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.

When these people meet you, they will ask: "Where did you see me from?" If you say, "I saw you just now this minute," you may get an arrow in your gizzard. They are all sharpshooters and fast on the draw. The proper reply is to tell them that you saw them far away. Thus you flatter them, implying that they are really not so small. At this reply they are expected to lay down their arrows and bow, stick out their hands and say: "Put it there, Pardner! You'll do!"

Hardly more than a hundred Bahi remain. The survivors are strong and healthy, all in the prime of life. Old people and the sick cannot withstand the hard life of these hunters. They do not farm or raise livestock. They hunt the animals of the plain. They also eat wild fruits.

The chief of Meatu on several occasions has given cows to the Bahi, and also hoes and seeds for planting corn. But after a few days, they kill the cows and have a feast of fresh beef. They eat the seed corn, also, and make arrows from the hoes. They prefer their own way of life. The Government estimates that a Bahi family needs forty square miles to support itself.

■ ■

Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Suggestion

You who read this magazine and have accumulated back copies, pack them in a box and send them to one of these places: prisons, hospitals, libraries, Army and Navy hospitals, soldiers overseas, and general institutions. I suggest you write to them first.

PETER MAURIZI

Lodi, N. J.

Gift

I'm twelve years old. I'm tired of reading your magazine and not helping. I'm enclosing 20c plus the want ad it's for. It might not be much but it's all I have.

LINDA BRUNA

Detroit

Remembrance

A great deal has been said of late concerning a letter from a man who did not wish his son to become a priest. I am but a man; but as such, I can own anything or become anything I set my heart on. This I have proven many times over. But even if I were to make my name as well known as Roosevelt, Edison, Eisenhower, or even greater than the combined three, within a hundred years I should be little more than a memory to the world. Within a thousand years, nothing. Yet were I to be mentioned but once in

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heaven as the father of a priest or Sister, my name would go down through all eternity. This is but a thought that may strike a spark of light in the heart of some too worldly man or woman.

C. W. TRAVER

Half Moon Bay, Calif.

Hope

I can't thank God enough for helping me to become a Catholic. I'm hoping and praying, God willing, that someday one or both of our girls will become a Sister. If we are blessed with a baby boy, it will be even more of a blessing if he becomes a priest or Brother.

MRS. G. T. VIERA

Lompoc, Calif.

Tolerance

What would God think of John Valente? He made no distinction between race or color. We think it is wonderful for the California family to think of adopting one of God's children. Even my English bride, who is a convert, would be willing to take a brood of them. Wasn't John Valente ever a child? Doesn't he have any feeling? My wife and I think it is disgusting for John Valente to write or even think such a thing.

JAMES & LOIS TRESS

Stratford, N. J.

MARYKNOLL

Inspiration

Shame on you, Editor, for not giving true credit to the author of "The Master's Hand"! I think it is the most beautiful poem I ever read. I took it right out of the book, put it into a beautiful frame, and now it's hanging in my sitting room. Shame on you!

MRS. P. GIBBONS

Brooklyn

Letter from Japan

Some time ago, while stationed with the U.S. Army in Japan, I had the privilege of taking an active part in leading a pagan girl into the Church. Reiko Saito began her instructions in the early part of 1954, was baptized on Christmas Eve, and confirmed several months later. Enclosed is a letter from Reiko, thanking me for a subscription to MARYKNOLL. In my reply, I reminded her that she must always give thanks to Almighty God and His Blessed Mother first. Then if she wishes, she may thank her friends who encouraged her. We in turn will always be grateful to God for the privilege of being His helpers.

JOE CARNEVALE

Buffalo

(Enclosure)

Dear Joe:

How are you getting along? I guess you have a fine life in your country. We all talk about you and remember when you were here in Japan. Yesterday I received three books from Maryknoll. Thank you very much for that book. I think it is really good. I am always appreciated that you talk me into being a Catholic. Please pray for me too. Well, I am going to make ready for our breakfast now. Thank you very much again.

Sincerely yours,

REIKO

Correction

In a recent issue, there appeared a picture of Maryknoll Sisters visiting the grave of Father Damien of leper fame. But since the body of Father Damien was removed from the leper colony to his native Belgium a few years ago, it would seem that someone left off part of the caption, explaining the Sisters visit the former resting place of Father Damien.

MILDRED PAYNE

San Diego

Missing Bell

An item in a recent issue caused comment by one of our Japanese friends. I refer to the center-page, color picture of what appears to be a Japanese temple bell. Our friend inquired as to whether this was the famous Japanese temple bell that was "souvenired" by the Occupation forces and taken to America, and has since been involved in a diplomatic wrangle to be returned. Please advise so I may answer.

M/SGT. WILLIAM T. BAIN, USAF
Tokyo, Japan

■ *The Maryknoll bell was given to the Maryknoll cofounder, Bishop James A. Walsh, by a French missionary in Japan. The bell had been purchased from a burned Buddhist temple. It arrived at Maryknoll in 1918, in time to sound the hour of the first Maryknoll departure, and its tone has signaled the beginning of every departure ceremony since that time.*

Coals of Fire

Whenever my husband hits me, I do not answer back. I send a donation to some worthy cause in his name. In this way I heap coals of fire on his head. Someday he will be sorry when he learns.

NAME WITHHELD

Pittsburgh



Every inch a priest is Father Richard J. Smith, of Collins, New York.

Padre Ricardo's Big Outing

**An event that slum youngsters
will remember all their lives.**

**By FRANCIS J.
ASSENMACHER, M.M.**

■ JANUARY and February are the hot months in Chile. Most anyone who can, goes to the mountains or the seashore, neither of which is too far distant from any point in Chile, which averages only a hundred miles in width. But as far as the children from *Buzeta*, a slum section in Santiago, were concerned, they had to sweat it out in the hot city. That is what decided Father Richard

Smith to start a summer camp — to give underprivileged ones an opportunity to spend a week at the shore.

Padre Ricardo, as he is known here in Chile, started his campaign in the spring. He had raffles and benefits to buy food for the campers. An appeal was sent out for sponsors — persons who give enough money to care for a camper for a week. His drive fell short, but fortunately Padre Ricardo had friends in the U.S. who helped balance the budget.

Next, Padre Ricardo sent out an invitation for campers. He had no trouble filling that quota — a hundred boys and a hundred girls. As

there are eight hundred boys and girls in the parochial school, he had more of a task to limit his quota to two hundred campers.

All was set. The camp's seven big tents were taken out of storage. A large supply of beans, potatoes, chickens, and dried milk was on hand. One or two ranch owners donated sheep to insure a good supply of meat. Padre Ricardo had to make several trips in the parish jeep to take these supplies to the camp site.

Finally the big day arrived. The first week was for boys, and Padre Ricardo had Brother Jean Davis and several Catholic Action youths with him, to take care of the lads. It was cheaper to go by train than by anything else, so Padre Ricardo herded his charges to the railroad station, where they all boarded second-class cars. In a matter of two or three hours they reached the camp.

One day is like another, at any camp. Giving a soccer ball to a Chilean boy is like giving a baseball and bat to an American boy. This camp had a good supply of soccer balls so there was no problem in keeping the boys entertained. Every morning and afternoon there was time for a swim. That proved the most trying time for Padre Ricardo: he was alert on the beach until all his charges were out of the water. The boys took a hike or two — and the week was over. For

most of them, it had been the happiest of their lives.

After the boys, the girls had their turn. They were under the care of the Maryknoll Sisters and

some of the young ladies of a Catholic Action group. For a week the Sisters' convent was a tent. The little girls enjoyed running

on the beach and playing all the games that little girls play at camp, whatever they are. If anyone is interested in what little girls play at camp, they'll have to ask the Sisters.

Padre Ricardo is not the only Maryknoll Father who runs a summer camp, but his is by far the biggest. Father James V. Manning and Father Thomas Wynne, and the fifty-five boys from their home for boys, spend the summer at a ranch in the mountains. Father Jerry Garvey also favors the mountains and has taken several groups of youngsters there.

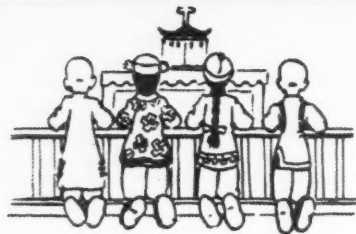
On the other hand, Father John Moriarty likes the ocean, and he took a group of thirty boys to the coast for a week. Each night he had devotions and a conference for the older boys.

Why all the bother about a summer camp? Father Smith says that it is the best way of befriending children from the slums.

The children coming back from camp have another way of putting it. They yell, "Viva Padre Ricardo!" ■ ■

OUR BEST THANKS

are expressed by our prayers for you. Every Friday of 1956 each Maryknoll priest will offer his Mass for you and all Maryknoll Members. There are 635 Maryknoll priests.



WANT ADS

Gifts to Maryknoll are deductible for Income Tax purposes.

"There Isn't Any More!" Tragic words for a Maryknoll missionary to have to say to lines of patient, helpless Chinese holding out empty rice bowls. If you could see the hungry people as we do, you would gladly make a sacrifice to supply their food. Can you spare \$5 or \$10 — or any sum — to help?

Many Benches are needed for a mission church in Guatemala. \$5 will buy one. 100 are needed. Buy a bench or a bunch.

For Aborigines in Miaoli Tahu, Formosa, the Maryknoll pastor needs a combined chapel and instruction hall. Materials will cost \$500, but labor, voluntary.

"Brownie" Is Dead. He was 17 years old. He was a faithful horse and the missionary's only means of transportation through the jungle trails of Mayan Indians in Central America. Four new legs can be put under Brownie's saddle for \$100.

Saints and Others. Missioners in Japan need statues for an outdoor shrine — at \$300. And they need a house for the head catechist, his family, and overnight guests, because there is not a vacant room in town. Construction will cost \$1,200.

Literary Note. Our new mission in Sapporo, Japan, seeks 100 books to start a library. 50c will put a Catholic book into the hands of an inquiring non-Christian. Can you provide for a few books?

Light a sanctuary lamp in one of the Maryknoll missions in Maswa, Africa. The lamp will burn a year for \$25.

Chinese Refugees in Formosa request medicine, food, clothing, shelter. We take care of hundreds of refugees. Will you help for one month, with one refugee? The cost is \$5.

Bread and Wine used by a priest saying Mass for a year, at Maryknoll Seminary, N. Y., cost \$24.65. If you wish, you may donate the wine and hosts for the Holy Sacrifice for one year.

Lacking Baling Wire and chewing gum, a priest in a large rural mission of the Bolivian Andes, can't keep his old jeep in repair. He must replace it with a newer model or a pick-up truck. But first he must secure \$1,500.

Life Guards Needed in Peru. You won't have to swim a stroke. Your donation for antibiotics and other medical supplies will help keep Indians alive. Rx \$50.



565
BR. L. CONNORS

THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY

ELLEN McLAUGHLIN

IN MEMORY OF

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN

The Picture of a Plaque

on the door of a seminarian's room memorializes a loved one and reminds the student who is preparing to be a Maryknoll priest to pray daily for the repose of the soul commemorated.

You, too, can place a plaque on the door of a room in the Maryknoll Seminary to honor one you love.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$1,500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

People are Interesting!

St. Paul
and the Pagans



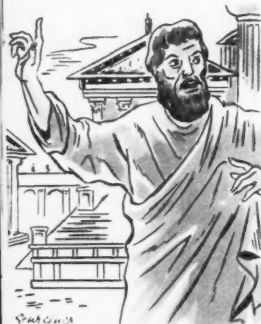
1. St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and St. Barnabas first preached Christ in Asia.



2. But Paul in a vision saw a pagan of North Greece who said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!"



3. Thus St. Paul heard the divine pagan mission call of all the and carried the Gospel to Europe.



4. In Athens men worshiped at an altar "To the Unknown God," and Paul preached Christ to them.



5. Enemies of Christ had Paul put in chains and conducted to Rome to be condemned as a malefactor.



6. Christ's first great mission to the pagans was thus honored by death as a martyr for the Faith.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

Post



the class
all time
to Europe



mission
honors
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